

## CHARIVARIA.

It is interesting to note what will cause a sensation to-day, by reason of its novelty, in this country. A Labour Member caused one in the House of Commons last week by stating that one's citizenship ought to be higher than one's trade-unionship, and with him it would be.

Mr. KING, who has been writing in *The Express* on the Labour Members, will, if he is not careful, get himself disliked. Take the following passage:—"This twentieth century—off the stage—is rather b'urred as to types.

Some artists have a pretty conceit of themselves. We have received an invitation from one of them requesting the pleasure of showing us his pictures from 2.30 to 6. We might be able to hold out for 10 minutes, but for three hours and a half—

By the way, if the strike proceeds, good times for artists are prophesied. As fuel gets scarcer there is little doubt that painters in oils, at any rate, will be able to dispose of their works at last.

A certain amount of sympathy, but not too much, is being expressed for

Some burglars who entered an Ilford house last week consumed many bottles of beer they found there, and in consequence overlooked a box containing cash and jewellery. Temperance advocates, we hear, intend to make capital out of this by bringing the facts to the notice of burglars throughout the country.

What a fall was there, my countrymen! "Harry Lawrence, an ex-soldier, whose movements in Devonport Dockyard aroused suspicion, was charged at Devonport yesterday with espionage, but no evidence on this accusation was offered, and so he was just sentenced



IN VIEW OF THE DISLOCATION OF THE TRAIN SERVICES AND CONSEQUENT DISAPPOINTMENT OF MANY WOULD-BE RACE-GOERS IT IS PROPOSED TO RUN A SPRING HANDICAP FROM TRAFALGAR SQUARE TO LUDGATE CIRCUS ON EASTER MONDAY, PROVIDED SUFFICIENT FOUR-WHEELERS CAPABLE OF ACCOMPLISHING THE DISTANCE CAN BE FOUND TO ENTER.

For instance, many modern burglars whom I have seen might have been taken for Sunday School superintendents rather than burglars; and this is true of the House of Commons."

Sergeant KILLICK, of the Surrey County Constabulary, has, in less than twelve months, been responsible for 136 motorists being fined for exceeding the speed limit at Swan Corner, Leatherhead; and the Sergeant's chances of having his memory immortalised by the erection of a statue at the Royal Automobile Club are growing worse every day.

*The Evening News* claims to have discovered the tiniest dog in London. It weighs 1lb. 8½ ozs. But what we would like to know is this: Does it bite, or does it sting?

one of the ALLEN gang of American bandits, who was so unfortunate as to fall into a vat of boiling whiskey at his illicit distillery, suffering injuries which greatly facilitated his capture by the police.

It was thoughtless of *The Daily Chronicle* to entitle a review of a recently published book of travel, *Islands of the Sun*. We shall have Germany after them.

Bookmakers have been ordered to leave Bale before the 1st of May. It will be remembered that some months ago they were turned out of Holland. A dear old lady with literary leanings, touched by the wanderings of these modern Ishmaels, now offers to house six of the outcasts in her cottage upon proof of blameless pasts.

to fourteen days' imprisonment for stealing an umbrella."

A Bill has been introduced in the Legislature of Maryland to legalise lynching. If this is passed, it will undoubtedly put an end to much lawlessness.

From "Etiquette Queries" in *Home Chat*—

"My brother has been asked to play golf outside London by a City friend, and he wants to know how he should dress. *Answer*. A rough tweed coat or Norfolk jacket and pants, puttees round his legs, thick boots, and a cloth cap. He must remember he may need an extra wrap for cold days."

Inside London, of course, the proper costume is bowler hat, grey sweater, chest-protector and spurs—a pair of puttees, on cold days, being worn round the neck.

## THE FAITHFUL TRUANT.

THERE are who love—I love them too—  
The golden borders of the tideless sea,  
The sudden glint of sapphire blue  
Where the way winds by little hollowed coves;  
And pine-woods folded in the lee  
Of the red hills that laugh on Valescure,  
And green of Menton's terraced olive-groves,  
And all that Teuton-haunted Côte d'Azur.

And there are those—my taste is theirs  
(In moderation)—who delight to mope  
From Monte up to purer airs,  
By Agel's beetling zigzag, full of tricks;  
Or from Castillon's eyrie float  
To far Sospello's watered vale—and all  
To play their homely game of pills and sticks,  
Which lacking, Paradise itself would pall.

Some praise Provence, and so do I.  
Avignon likes me, that superb retreat  
Of Holiness in exile, high  
Over the flood-rent bridge whose ancient floor  
Rang to the circling danse's beat;\*  
And Arles, whose women stole her conqueror's heart,  
And Nîmes where none but Vandals may ignore  
The fierce mosquitos and the Roman's art.

Give me the Languedoc vineland soil,  
Russets and roans and browns and velvet greys,  
Whose mirth already counts the spoil  
Of Autumn's purple vats—you never guessed  
The earth could smile so many ways;  
And, at the road's end, as the dusk comes on,  
Sudden and stark against a fiery west  
The towers and bastioned walls of Carcassonne!

But best I love—or, if I don't,  
I ought to—London at the first of Spring,  
To-day less grimy than her wont  
Thanks to the mine-strike. Home from those fair lands  
Which I have sought (above) to sing,  
For London still must glow this patriot soul,  
As yonder ash to which I stretch my hands,  
Being my last lone lump of kitchen coal.

O. S.

\* "Sur le pont d'Avignon,  
On y danse, tous en rond."—*Old Song.*

## A KING IN EXILE.

It was at the Zoo that I had the honour of meeting His Majesty the King Penguin. When I first saw him, he was standing, absorbed in meditation, by the margin of the Sea-lions' Pool. He held his pinions slightly behind him, and his general attitude, together with his pearl-grey coat and somewhat protuberant white waistcoat, was, as I suspect he was fully aware, quite strikingly suggestive of the Emperor NAPOLEON at St. Helena.

The larger Sea-lion was lying on an overhanging rock, endeavouring by incessant barks to convey to its Keeper, just then engaged in conversation with a fellow-official, that the Public (represented by me on this occasion) would be highly gratified by witnessing the agility with which it could catch fish.

This behaviour evidently struck King Penguin, who enjoys a fixed allowance from Government of twenty-four fresh herrings a day, as lacking both in dignity and self-

restraint. He regarded the Sea-lion with a half-shut supercilious eye.

Presently the Keeper approached the enclosure, and the unseemly haste with which both Sea-lions wallowed through the water and flopped open-mouthed towards the bars still further disgusted their royal fellow-captive. It is true that King Penguin also made a forward movement, but this was merely in gracious recognition of a favourite retainer. He would rather have starved than sue to him for fish!

Ignoring the Sea-lions' importunities, much to King Penguin's satisfaction, the Official inquired if I would like to be presented to His Majesty, an offer which I of course accepted, though not without secret misgivings as to the manner of my reception. So I was taken through a gate, and instructed to remain at the end of a path until the ex-Monarch was headed and turned in my direction. His advance was leisurely, which gave me time to note the brilliancy of his canary-yellow gills, the effective patch of salmon-red on his under-beak, and the rich orange glow that flushed his throat, and faded into warm ivory-white on his imposing paunch. He turned his head from side to side as he walked, with an interest in every other object but myself that was perhaps intended to impress me with a sense of my own utter insignificance. If so, I can only say it succeeded. His gait would be even more majestic but for a slight tendency on the part of the royal toes to turn in, from which one might infer that he has spent a considerable portion of his earlier life in the saddle.

As he drew nearer, I hastened to make way for him with a deference that I trust escaped servility, and soon he stood before me, every inch a king, in his commanding stature of well over three feet. But he made no effort to put me at my ease, and my embarrassment became still more painful when his Custodian joined us, and, after instructing me to remove my right glove, invited me to test the softness of His Majesty's back. I did so—tentatively, because this is a liberty one would hardly venture upon with even a fallen potentate. Still I can testify that the royal back is deliciously downy. I daresay I should have gone on stroking it longer had I not received an intimation from the ex-Monarch's beak—it was a long sharp beak—that he desired these familiarities to cease. They ceased immediately, and he remained aloof and impassive, while his attendant gave me a few leading facts from the King's biography.

I learnt that he was a widower, his consort having passed away during the voyage from his Antarctic realm, a bereavement which he is said to have felt acutely. But, if I may judge from his expression, I should say that Time's consoling hand has already healed the blow, and that His Majesty would be fully prepared to offer his pinion *en secondes nocces* to any Penguin princess who was at all eligible. Unfortunately, although there are several other Penguins on the premises, they are all undersized plebeian birds, so infinitely beneath his notice that he has never yet betrayed the slightest consciousness of their existence. They are democratic little beggars, however, and do not seem to care a hang whether he knows them or not.

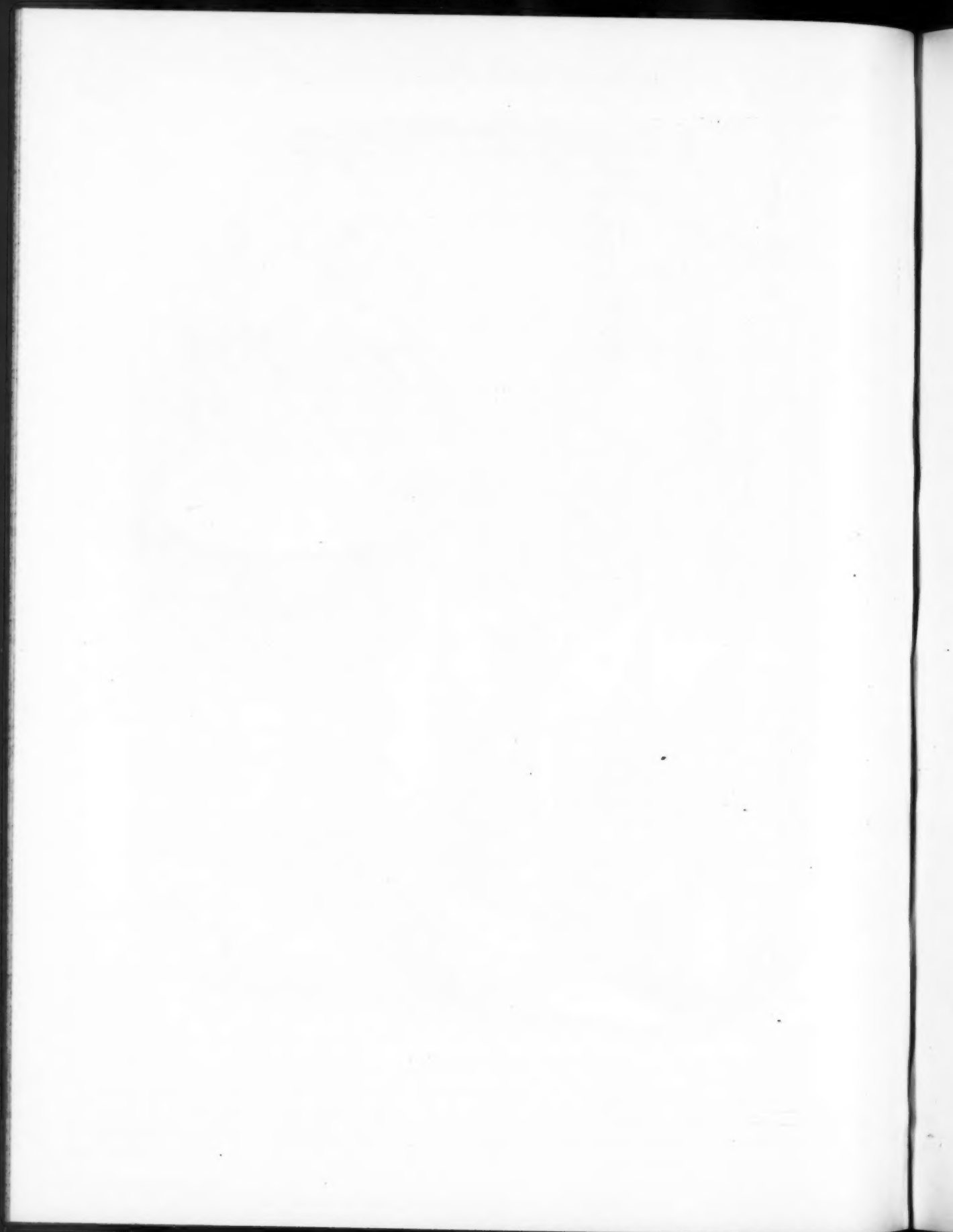
At this stage of the interview there was a regrettable misunderstanding which I feared at one time would bring it to an untimely close. The King Penguin suddenly conceived the idea that he had been grossly insulted by my umbrella, an unassuming accessory who, I hope I need hardly say, is absolutely incapable of any impropriety. Hardly had I concluded my apologies before he showed an equally unreasonable annoyance with my overcoat. It seems he has a confirmed dislike to any object that flaps



### ECLIPSED.

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. "I'M AFRAID I SHAN'T MAKE MUCH OF A HIT WITH THIS. IT'S SURE TO BE CUT OUT BY THE COLLIER PROBLEM PICTURE."

[The right hon. gentleman is under a misapprehension if he imagines that Mr. JOHN COLLIER is to exhibit a problem picture this year.]







Jan. "OI BE GOIN' TEW 'AVE A SHILLIN' ON WITH THIS 'UN, GEORGE; OI CAN CATCH 'UN IF 'E DONT'S."

about. It is distressing to think how these Sea-lions must get on his nerves!

I was beginning to feel that I had impressed him unfavourably, and might consider myself dismissed from his presence, when all at once he raised his beak, elongated his neck, closed his eyes, and drew several deep breaths. This, I was informed, to my intense surprise and gratification, meant that, as a special mark of favour, he was actually about to unbend so far as to sing to me! I fancy it was a little thing of his own, but it was his technique that simply electrified me. His compass had so wide a range, comprising, as it did, the dolorous screech of the peacock predicting rain, the raucous vivacity of the early village cock, and the strident roar of a steam-siren. There can be no question that, had his lot been cast in a less exalted sphere, he would have won his spurs in modern German Grand Opera. But Fate has willed it otherwise.

At the conclusion of the melody he not only bowed to me with solemn old-world courtesy, but was so condescending as to oblige again! After which he bowed to me once more—but this time it was merely to signify that the audience was at an end, and I withdrew.

I trust that I may be pardoned if I have recorded this incident with a certain elation. Never before has Royalty sung to me. I do not think it at all likely that Royalty will ever do so again. But the experience will always remain firmly imprinted on my memory.

Even the greatest, however, have their moments of pettiness, and I deeply regret to say that, amicably as His Majesty parted from myself, he still maintained his implacable resentment towards my unoffending umbrella! F. A.

#### TO A MODERN "LADIES' MAN."

[Discussing the "1912 Ladies' Man," a writer in an evening paper declares that he "may be clean shaven, but he is above all else 'manly.' He is still a 'Ladies' Man' because he is ready to assist her (the modern girl) with her schemes."]

THOMAS, they tell me you are wont to follow  
The Flowers of Female Fashion like a bee,  
Sipping their honied tattle, while you swallow  
Pint after pint of tea.

You don't remind me, somehow, of a dandy,  
I like the firmness of your shaven cheek;  
You look as if your muscles might be handy;  
Your mouth is far from weak.

And yet the "Ladies' Man" was once, I fear, a  
Person composed of gush and social gas,  
Who, from the pictures of an earlier era,  
Looked like a silly ass.

Apart from compliments he uttered gaily,  
In manly converse he was all but dumb;  
While girls regard you, so I gather daily,  
More as a super-chum.

You take an interest in their golf and hockey,  
Discuss the thrilling drama of the day,  
Or else the "Vote;" and if your views are rocky  
They like your winning way.

I think I know, in fact, how well you carry  
Your manly figure in their gentler life;  
And, Thomas, I am sure the girl you marry  
Will be a lucky wife.

## AN OPINION OF THE CRISIS.

CHARLES looked up from his desk, littered with papers, as Our Representative entered his chambers. "You want, I take it," he said, "a few words from me upon the present dispute, to lay before the readers of your great paper?"

Our Representative explained that items of news were for the moment scarce, and that individual opinions were needed to supplement them.

"And why," asked Charles, seeking flattery, "have you selected me?"

"We have come to the end of the leading men. . . If I might ask you to express a view, I shall hope to reproduce it in to-morrow's issue in a noticeable paragraph. If you could happen to hit on a felicitous phrase, expressing in a short form what our readers would themselves like to think, I shall put it in heavy type and mix it up with the headlines.

"The darkest hour," began Charles, after a little thought, "is that which precedes the dawn."

"Quite; but we have had that already."

"Well then, on the whole I am of opinion that the probabilities are—"

"If possible, kindly avoid prophesying. So many have tried it and have been shown to be wrong, even before they had time to be forgotten."

"And first," resumed Charles, not to be defeated, "a little about myself."

Our Representative smiled. "Is that inevitable?"

"My dear Representative," Charles began.

"Our Representative," I corrected.

"Singularity enough," said Charles, "I have myself just been through a crisis in my affairs which, though on rather a larger scale and of further-reaching results, is yet comparable to the present struggle in the industrial world. I tried every means of checking the rise of the malcontents and reducing the revolt, but in the end I was driven to the very last resort. It started, in quite a small way, with a pair of sleeve-links—the unintelligible and never explained grievance of one link, in fact. But it takes a little thing to cause a complete chaos in the clothes world, for the relations between the wearer and the waree are always strained."

"You mean," I said, "that you are getting fat?"

"The things that one wears are ready always at a moment's notice to combine against one, providing the opportunity is favourable. At the moment to which I refer I was dressing for a dinner-party, and had allowed rather too short a time for the purpose. I was at the mercy of my clothes. Now, I am not suggesting that there was any conspiracy or premeditated plan amongst them; indeed, I incline to think that that link refused to go through its proper hole out of pure cussedness and idleness. Unwisely, I tried to force it to do its work, and

my reach, and the other link almost immediately joined it. The spare links, of which I keep a supply, supported the strikers by withdrawing secretly from the receptacle in which they live and being nowhere discoverable. I realised then that a sectional strike was in full swing, and I made my next mistake by endeavouring to import foreign and blackleg labour, instead of settling with the section on terms. Merely to protect my own interests I tied up my cuffs with string, but one is not allowed to protect one's own interests nowadays. That I should even attempt to do so was the signal for a sympathetic strike, to the magnitude of which the present state of national affairs provides no parallel. The collar studs vanished, the collar crumpled, the tie refused point-blank to tie, and finally the whole shirt went."

"It was, at any rate, confined to your clothes and there was no bloodshed," I suggested optimistically.

"It was not confined to my clothes," said Charles, "and there was bloodshed. I assure you that at times like these and in these degenerate days agreements and guarantees are thrown to the winds. For mark you, it was a safety razor."

"And what was the net result, the effect on your immediate future?"

"I had to cancel everything and close down, explaining to my hostess over the telephone that the gravity of the situation had become so marked that I was unable to perform my contracts."

"And what deduction do you wish to be reported as drawing with regard to the Coal War?" I asked, to bring the matter to

an end.

Charles spoke slowly and importantly.

"Speaking from experience," he said, "I think that anything may happen."

Time has shown that he was right.

"Let things lie about, and they are always pat to your hand when wanted," writes an advocate of untidiness.—*Evening News*.

Our contemporary would do well to take this advice and leave a spare "i" or two lying about pat to the printer's hand.

"A large crowd of men gathered round the police-station, and many threatening epitaphs were hurled at the police."

*Dundee Saturday Post.*

Probably they didn't even trouble to detach them from their tombstones.



MR. J. H. TAYLOR, COMMENTING ON THE GRIP IN HIS GOLF FAULTS, SAYS, "IT ALMOST REPRESENTS THE FINGERS OF A PLAYER ON THE FLUTE."

IT WAS THE ABOVE PASSAGE THAT MISLED HERR WINDT, THE FAMOUS FLAUTIST, INTO THE BELIEF THAT GOLF WOULD COME QUITE NATURALLY TO HIM.

showed it that I was in some way dependent on it. Thereupon the matter at once became a grievance. Metaphorically, that link threw down its tools and left work; in actual fact, it departed under the chest-o'-drawers, not because it liked being there, but in order to annoy me. Had I kept my temper and ignored it, the matter might have ended there."

"Under the chest-o'-drawers?" I interjected.

"No, Sir. You must know what I mean."

"Quite," I said; "but Representatives always interject. Proceed."

"Instead, I swore and became violent and took steps to enforce my will. Hostile and bitter feelings were at once aroused. The link crept further out of

## THE ENGLISH FUTURISTS.

*(An Idyll of Spring.)*

WHEN the Frost-King waxes fainter,  
When the fields are starred with  
flowers,

Oh, it's I would be a painter  
Through the soft-lipped April hours!

Sweet it is to strike the hollow  
Lyre with unrelenting slam;  
Where thou leadest, Muse, I follow  
(Always at your service, ma'am);

Sweet to sing about the bushes  
Burgeoning in Regent's Park,  
Where the young bud rudely pushes  
Through the aggravated bark;

Still at times the old "hey-nonnies"  
Weary and I'm fain to be  
One of those confounded johnnies  
Painting No. 93.

Clothed in samite yester-morning,  
Almost ere I grasped the pen,  
Up they rolled, the sleep-god scorning,  
Shortly after half-past ten,

Chatted briefly on the weather,  
Gauged the odds of equine sport,  
Tied three ladders fast together,  
Then discovered them too short.

Dauntless still they fetched another,  
Still inspired by duty's call,  
Brother aiding stalwart brother,  
Propped the whole against the wall

(Theirs the perfect calm; the inner  
Sense of peace); that labour done  
Off they trooped to toy with dinner,  
And returned at half-past one.

Seized the brush, and thenceforth  
fervent,

Pausing not save when they held  
Casual converse with a servant,  
Lived for art till five was knelled.

Sweet, swift toilers! with the catkins,  
With the blackthorn bloom they  
came

(Sent by Messrs. Brown and Atkins)  
And, before the ox-eyes flame,

Ere the dog-rose stars the hedges,  
Ere the swallow's nest is lined,  
Mrs. Johnson's window-ledges  
Will be all incarnadined.

Just to-day I have not seen them,  
But I know their strenuous types,  
Somewhere jokes are cracked between  
them,

Somewhere they are sucking pipes.

And to-morrow, lest the eye lack  
Promise of the tints of June,  
They will smear a coat of lilac  
Over yester-morn's maroon.

Is it well for me with tabor,  
Pipe or harp and clownish cap  
Thus to fool while Britons labour?  
Conscience answers, "No, dearchap!"



## POCKETS AT LAST.

A USE FOR THE PANNIER SKIRT.

Would I had their stern endeavour!  
Only this I do not like:  
They can find no change whatever  
When their union bids them strike.

EVOE.

"Among them was the Rev. W. B. Sleight, President of the British Deaf and Dumb Association, who gave me several instances of the cleverness of the deaf and dumb. 'I was hesitating to cross Oxford-street at a busy time,' said Mr. Sleight, 'when a deaf and dumb man took me by the arm, saying, "Come on, I will take you across."'"—*Western Morning News*.  
But is Mr. SLEIGHT certain that the man who thus addressed him was deaf and dumb? Because, if he was not, the story loses much of its point.

"London, Feb. 26.—Reuter's correspondent at New York, in reply to an inquiry, states that he will accept a nomination for the Presidency of the United States if it is offered him."  
*Natal Mercury*.

So far, however, there has been no real rush for him.

"There is a peculiarity about the bed of coal which is worked in the Thornton Valley, and that is that geologically speaking it is below all the coal seams that are worked in South Yorkshire. In other words the surface of the earth is lower than the coal in South Yorkshire."

*Bradford Daily Avon*.

Miners who have been ordered mountain air by their doctors should be warned, however, that simple as this statement appears, there is probably a catch in it somewhere.

## Secret History of To-day.

"Teheran, March 6.—The Persian government is greatly disturbed by the apparent incapacity of the British government to cope with the disorders in England and has notified the government that the Caspian Sea squadron will leave for Portsmouth unless the rioting is stopped. The Persian fleet is under full steam and prepared to start for England at once."

*Daily Mexican*.

## More Radical Over-Statements.

"Mr. T. Mackenzie, who is a Scotsman," etc.  
*Westminster Gazette*.



### THE THINGS THAT MATTER.

RONALD, surveying the world from his taxi—that pleasant corner of the world, St. James's Park—gave a sigh of happiness. The blue sky, the lawn of daffodils, the mist of green upon the trees were but a promise of the better things which the country held for him. Beautiful as he thought the daffodils, he found for the moment an even greater beauty in the Gladstone bags at his feet. His eyes wandered from one to the other, and his heart sang to him, "I'm going away—I'm going away—I'm going away."

The train was advertised to go at 2.22, and at 2.20 Ronald joined the Easter holiday crowd upon the platform. A porter put down his luggage and was then swallowed up in a sea of perambulators and flustered parents. Ronald never saw him again. At 2.40, amidst some applause, the train came in.

Ronald seized a lost porter.

"Just put these in for me," he said. "A first smoker."

"All this lot yours, Sir?"

"The three bags—not the milk-cans," said Ronald.

It had been a beautiful day before, but when a family of sixteen which joined Ronald in his carriage was ruthlessly hauled out by the guard, the sun seemed to shine with a warmth more caressing than ever. Even when the train moved out of the station, and the children who had been mislaid emerged from their hiding-places and were bundled in anywhere by the married porters, Ronald still remained splendidly alone . . . and the sky took on yet a deeper shade of blue.

He lay back in his corner, thinking. For a time his mind was occupied with the thoughts common to most of us when we go away—thoughts of all the things we have forgotten to pack. I don't think you could fairly have called Ronald over-anxious about clothes. He recognised that it was the inner virtues which counted; that a well-dressed exterior was nothing without some graces of mind or body. But at the same time he did feel strongly that, if you are going to stay at a house where you have never visited before, and if you are particularly anxious to make a good impression, it is a pity that an accident of packing should force you to appear at dinner in green knickerbockers and somebody else's velvet smoking-jacket.

Ronald couldn't help feeling that he had forgotten something. It wasn't the spare sponge; it wasn't the extra shaving-brush; it wasn't the second pair of bedroom slippers. Just for a moment the sun went behind a cloud

as he wondered if he had included the reserve razor-stop; but no, he distinctly remembered packing that.

The reason for his vague feeling of unrest was this. He had been interrupted while getting ready that afternoon; and as he left whatever he had been doing in order to speak to his housekeeper he had said to himself, "If you're not careful, you'll forget about that when you come back." And now he could not remember what it was he had been doing, nor whether he had in the end forgotten to go on with it. Was he selecting his ties, or brushing his hair, or—

The country was appearing field by field; the trains rushed through cuttings gay with spring flowers; blue was the sky between the baby clouds . . . but it all missed Ronald. What could he have forgotten?

He went over the days that were coming; he went through all the changes of toilet that the hours might bring. He had packed this and this and this and this—he was all right for the evening. Supposing they played golf? . . . He was all right for golf. He might want to ride. . . . He would be able to ride. It was too early for lawn tennis, but . . . well, anyhow, he had put in flannels.

As he considered all the possible clothes that he might want, it really seemed that he had provided for everything. If he liked he could go to church on Friday morning; hunt otters from twelve to one on Saturday; toboggan or dig for badgers on Monday. He had the different suits necessary for those who attend a water-polo meeting, who play chess, or who go out after moths with a pot of treacle. And even, in the last resort, he could go to bed.

Yes, he was all right. He had packed *everything*; moreover, his hair was brushed and he had no smut upon his face. With a sigh of relief he lowered the window and his soul drank in the beautiful afternoon. "We are going away—we are going away—we are going away," sang the train.

At the prettiest of wayside stations the train stopped and Ronald got out. There were horses to meet him. "Better than a car," thought Ronald, "on an afternoon like this." The luggage was collected—"Nothing left out," he chuckled to himself, and was seized with an insane desire to tell the coachman so; and then they drove off through the fresh green hedgerows, Ronald trying hard not to cheer.

His host was at the door as they arrived. Ronald, as happy as a child, jumped out and shook him warmly by the hand, and told him what a heavenly day it was; receiving with smiles of

pleasure the news in return that it was almost like summer.

"You're just in time for tea. Really, we might have it in the garden."

"By Jove, we might," said Ronald, beaming.

However, they had it in the hall, with the doors wide open. Ronald, sitting lazily with his legs stretched out and a cup of tea in his hands, and feeling already on the friendliest terms with everybody, wondered again at the difference which the weather could make to one's happiness.

"You know," he said to the girl on his right, "on a day like this, *nothing* seems to matter."

And then suddenly he knew that he was wrong; for he had discovered what it was which he had told himself not to forget . . . what it was which he had indeed forgotten.

And suddenly the birds stopped singing and there was a bitter chill in the air.

And the sun went violently out.

He was wearing only half-a-pair of spats. A. A. M.

### SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(In the manner of our Democratic Dailies.)

AMONG the débutantes at forthcoming Courts is the Hon. Vinolia Cole-Tarr, the youngest daughter of Lord Soper, who is, we believe, about eighteen years of age. We mean, of course, the Hon. Vinolia Cole-Tarr, though Lord Soper is a wonderfully well-preserved man of his years. Both her elder sisters are married, the Hon. Verbena to Sir Windsor Brown, and the Hon. Sapolia to Mr. Gibbon Brand. The Hon. Vinolia Cole-Tarr has for the most part been educated at home, but is an adept at tobogganing which she studied at Grindelwald under Sir HENRY LUNN and other experts.

Society will also give a warm welcome to the two charming daughters of Lord and Lady Mount-Carmel, Miss Concha and Miss Auriola Plantigrade. The quaint name, Concha, has a very old association with the family, as it was borne by the ancestress through whom the Plantigrade estates came into the Mount-Carmel family in the days of WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

The Annual Bazaar in aid of the funds of the Liberal Truth League was opened on Friday at Washington House, St. James's Place, and was continued on Saturday. The stalls, of which there were a large number, were arranged in the splendid private swim-



ming bath, which had been thoughtfully depleted for the occasion by Sir Alfred Bruno, the owner of Washing-ton House. Lady Bruno, who looked handsome in a flame-coloured dress embroidered with fluorescent bascules, presided over the Literature stall with her wonted *bonhomie*, and disposed of a vast number of her husband's leaflets, "Why I cannot be a Syndicalist" and "The Economics of Truth."

Lady Budley, who wore a black velvet coal-scuttle bonnet covered with a priceless old lace mob cap, with a trellis of diamonds crossing her gold-brocaded skirt, worked indefatigably in disposing of a gross of corduroy waistcoats. Lady Nutley Custard presided over a vegetarian restaurant, and the Marchioness Pengwyn took charge of the Café Chantant, where she was assisted by Captain Goggin, R.N., Miss Lettice Saladin and the Hon. Eric Tibbetts.

### THE BOAT STRIKE.

(A foreboding for next year.)

#### MORE DELAY.

#### GLOOMY TURN TO THE CRISIS.

It is now three weeks since the men "downed oars." Is to-day to be another wasted day in the long history of the Boat Strike—the Selfish Strike which is fast promising to be the Ruin of the Race?

The outlook for settlement by agreement is considered almost hopeless. Cambridge definitely refuses to concede the principle of the Minimum Weight, and Oxford insists that "5" and "2" should be included in their boat.

#### CONFERENCES.

The members of the O.U.B.C. met this morning at the Westminster Palace Hotel to see if some agreement could not be reached on the "narrowed points of difference." No statement was issued to the Press. The representatives of the C.U.B.C. met at the same time, and the friendliest feeling prevailed. To the man on the towpath a Minimum Weight of 10 stone for an oarsman (on a sliding seat) does not seem unreasonable, and there is little doubt that year in year out the majority do as a matter of fact weigh more than the minimum.

Cambridge, however, is adamant on the point of principle, and Oxford equally so on the inclusion of "5" and "2," and so the deadlock goes on.

#### OPINIONS AND PROPHECIES.

Mr. GUY NICKALLS: "I can give no hope of an early settlement. The outlook is decidedly Blue."



*Naturalist (to lady enquiring about a stuffed canary).* "WOULD YOU MIND SHUTTING THE DOOR, MA'AM! WE DON'T TROUBLE ABOUT IT AS A RULE, BUT THERE'S A SMALL SNAKE GOT LOOSE."

Mr. R. C. BOURNE: "We have won before and we will win again."

Mr. S. D. MUTTLEBURY (Old Cambridge Blue): "The position is exactly the same as it was three weeks ago. In my opinion not a blade will touch the water till Oxford gives way. If the Minimum Weight were conceded the next thing would be a demand for a Maximum Weight."

#### IN FEW LINES.

On coming out of the Westminster Palace Hotel this morning the cox of the Oxford Boat collided with a lady in a light blue dress. Is this an omen?

Cambridge "favours" are selling readily at 1d. each in Hammersmith Broadway.

A sympathetic strike of competitors for Doggett's Coat and Badge is contemplated. A ballot is to be taken on Monday.

Over forty people were counted on the towpath yesterday doing nothing. This number is likely to increase.

The students of the Imperial College of Science and Technology, South Kensington, have offered to man the boats should the strike continue. The offer has not been accepted.

The present Prime Minister was, it is stated, at one time a member of the Oxford Union, which is strongly supporting the strike.

LATER.—The Oxford men are stripping preparatory to going out. Is it Peace?



## SHOW SUNDAY.

*Interested Visitor (to stranger).* "CAN YOU TELL ME—WHO IS THIS BEAUTIFUL LADY?"

*Stranger.* "MRS. EUSTACE MONTGOMERY BROWNE-JONES."

*Interested Visitor.* "OH, REALLY! AND—ER—WHO IS MRS. EUSTACE MONTGOMERY BROWNE-JONES?"

*Stranger.* "I AM."

## "THE LITTLE FOXES."

THIS was a wisdom that SOLOMON said  
In a garden of citron and roses red,  
A word he wove, where his grey apes played,  
In the rhyme he strung for love of a maid;

Thus went his learning, most discerning,

Thus he sang of his old designs,

"Take us the foxes—little foxes,

Little dog-foxes that spoil the vines!"

(Though SOLOMON never since he was born  
Had heard the twang of a huntsman's horn,  
Killing his foxes, so I'll be bound,  
Without the help of a horse or hound,

Still down the ages, this his sage's

Word with gallanter meaning shines,

When we take foxes—little foxes,

Little dog-foxes that spoil the vines!)

So when the morn hangs misty now  
Where the grass shows never a patch of plough,  
Hark to the cry on the spruce-crowned hill,  
For SOLOMON's wisdom is working still;

Hark to the singing voices flinging.

White sterna waving among the pines,

All for the foxes—little foxes,

Little dog-foxes that spoil the vines.

The lift of a cap at the cover side,  
A thud of hoofs in a squelchy ride,  
And the pack is racing a breast-high scent  
Like a shadow cloud o'er a windy bent!

Customer cunning—full of running,

Never a moment the game declines;

Thus are the foxes—little foxes,

Little dog-foxes that spoil the vines.

So it's afternoon, and eight miles away  
That beat, dead-weary and stiff with clay  
A tired mask, set for a distant whin,  
Is turned on Death with a brigand grin!

There by the paling, wet brush trailing,

Still he bares them his lips' long lines;

So die the foxes—little foxes,

Little dog-foxes that spoil the vines.

THIS was the wisdom that SOLOMON made  
In a garden of citron and almug shade,  
That a man and a horse might find them fun  
Wherever the little dog-foxes run,

Since of his meaning we've been gleaming.

Since we've altered his old designs,

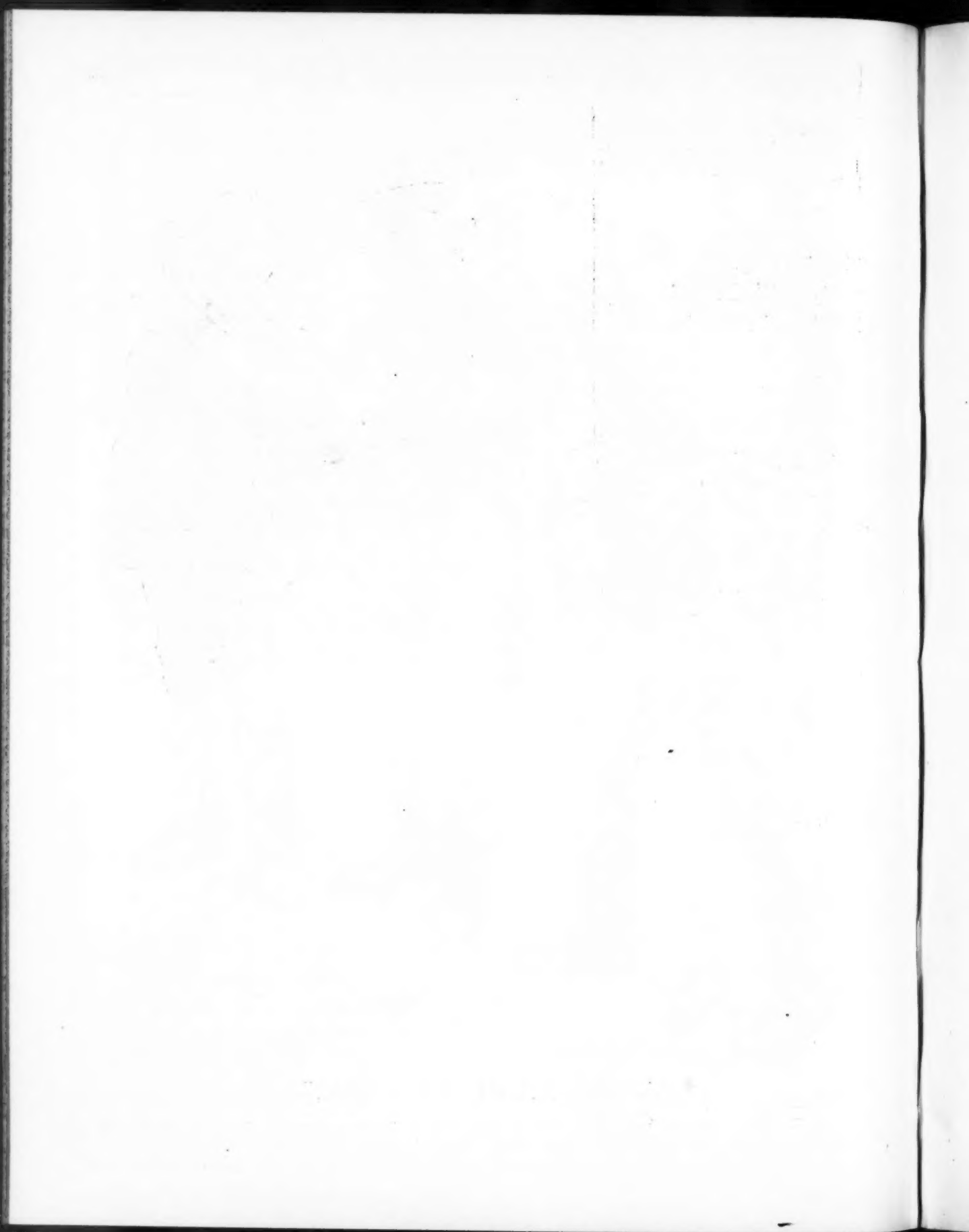
All about foxes—little foxes,

Little dog-foxes that spoil the vines!



**"THE RIGHT TO WORK."**

JOHN BULL (*to Striker*). "I CAN'T MAKE YOU WORK IF YOU WON'T; BUT, IF THIS MAN WANTS TO, I CAN MAKE YOU LET HIM. AND I WILL."





# ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

*House of Commons, Monday, March 25.*—Second Reading of Consolidated Fund Bill the Order of the Day. Provides one of those cherished opportunities for Members to talk at large upon any subject under a saddened sun. Would imagine they were pumped out upon corresponding occasion when Address was debated. But Lor' bless you! you don't know our M.P.s. They could quite comfortably go on to end of Session digging fresh courses for rivers of words in which is beat up a table-spoonful of thought.

To-night WEDGWOOD, with an eye on SPEAKER occasionally restless in the Chair, makes one of his Tom Paine-ish, Will Cobbett-ish addresses. Listened to impatiently by LANSBURY almost literally bubbling with flood of turgid talk prepared by way of seconding WEDGWOOD's amendment, which raises question of arrest of TOM MANN and conviction of Editor and printers of *Syndicalist*. Of course DON'T KEIR HARDIE not to be left out when cheap advertisement designed to catch eye of working-man is going. So romps in with noisy speech. From time to time remark interpolated in voice which stranger in gallery thinks must be that of the Bull of Bashan. It's only WILL THORNE. Has been in House long enough to know that if he were at trouble to deliver ordered speech he would find in morning papers the line, "After a few words from Mr. Thorne." If he shouts interruption he will be reported verbatim, the more certainly in proportion to its offensiveness.

Single-handed, ATTORNEY-GENERAL met and routed attack, parrying bludgeon blows with neatest rapier strokes. Incidentally, his speech brought into strong light the sullen wrath of Ulster growling under sense of mortal injury. Reference made to dispatch of troops to keep order in Belfast. DEVLIN insisted that succour had been brought to the city against wishes of promoters of Home Rule meeting harangued by WINSTON.

"If we had been allowed to deal with the opposition," he added, instinctively, perhaps unconsciously, turning up cuffs of coat-sleeves, "the troops would not have been required."

This too much for Captain CRAIG. Never a coat trailed on ground before him that is not straightway jumped upon. Up he sprang.

"Sir," said he, "if the ATTORNEY-GENERAL will provide us with the opportunity sought for by the Hon. Member he will find there is no question of bluff about it at all."



A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR CHARLES JAMES FOX.

*Shade of Fox.* "What a droll, important, Tom Paine-ish little personage!"

[*"We are carrying on the traditions of FOX, GREY and SHERIDAN."*—MR. JOSIAH WEDGWOOD.]

ATTORNEY-GENERAL, regretting he was not able to oblige, made haste to turn discussion into another channel.

*Business done.*—Consolidated Fund Bill read second time.

*Tuesday.*—A memorable sitting, marked by swift movement of dramatic interest. Appointed business, consideration of final stages of Coal Mines Bill. Everyone conscious of fact that, whilst formalities were gone through under SPEAKER's eye, the real issue was being fought out behind closed doors in room of Foreign Office. There the PRIME MINISTER and representatives of Masters and Men were assembled in final effort to close a struggle involving hungered misery for millions of men, women and children.

Situation peculiar. In due order Coal Mines Bill was called on. But the PREMIER's seat was still unoccupied. The fateful message he would convey was unspoken. After fitful attempts to carry on discussion that could lead no-

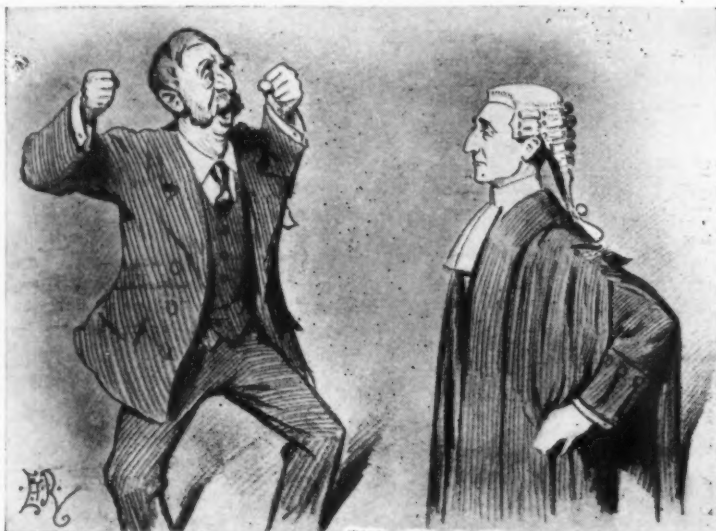
whither WALTER LONG moved adjournment of debate.

"Whilst Conference is still sitting, its decision, as far as House knows, undetermined, what is the use of discussing the Bill?" he shrewdly asked.

Even as he spoke PREMIER hastily entered from behind SPEAKER's Chair. His coming greeted with grateful cheer from thronged House whose feelings, highly pitched, might not much longer bear the strain. Alack! the PREMIER's message smothered last flash of flickering hope.

"I can say for myself and my colleagues," he declared in voice threatening to break in a sob, "that we have exhausted our powers of persuasion, argument and negotiation."

Members looked on with generous sympathy at exceptionally strong man struggling with emotion. In few graceful sentences BONNER voiced general feeling, declaring amid cheers that "no one could have done his best with



LANSBURY MISTAKES HIS MAN.

Comrades LANSBURY, WILL THORNE and Co. find their usual street-corner methods wholly ineffectual to shift the ATTORNEY-GENERAL from the discharge of a plain duty. (We trust his hearing will not be permanently affected by the amount of bellowing he has had to submit to.)

(Mr. LANSBURY and Sir RUFUS ISAACS.)

more earnestness or with more sincere wish for the good of the country on the whole than the PRIME MINISTER."

Thereupon the House with characteristic flexibility turned to business, and before it rose at early morn had read the Mines Bill a third time and sent it on to the wakeful Lords.

*Business done.*—Coal Conference finally broken down, Mines Bill read a third time by 213 votes against 48.

*Thursday.*—CRAIG (not the gallant Captain, but CHARLES CURTICE, Member for South Antrim) has unearthed fresh iniquity on part of a banal Government. Appears that, a vacancy presenting itself in office of Sergeant-Instructor at the Royal Hibernian Military School, Dublin, Colour-Sergeant H. MOORE applied for and was appointed to the post, being, CHARLES CURTICE says, "at the time a Roman Catholic."

Phrase seems to suggest avowedly temporary condition of religious conviction. Odd on the face of it; turns out to be justified by result. According to CHARLES CURTICE's interesting narrative Colour-Sergeant MOORE entered upon his duties on 25th May, 1910. On the 1st November, 1911, "having in the meantime become a Protestant," he received notice terminating his engagement. "In the meantime," indefinite in point of date, subtly conveys idea of military promptness and precision in the right-about-face. Probably Colour-Sergeant MOORE was brought over by closer study of the gentleness

and charity of Protestantism as practised in Belfast. However that be, Ulster wants to know why this thing is thus?

UNDER-SECRETARY OF WAR makes timid answer to effect that Sergeant-Instructor at this school has always been a Catholic, and that suitable provision was elsewhere made for the convert. CHARLES CURTICE obliged to accept answer for moment; but more will be heard of the matter.

*Business done.*—The Suffragette though in prison yet speaketh. Last year, Bill designed to bestow suffrage upon women, read second time with overwhelming majority of 167. To-day, the House, having meanwhile had fresh and fuller experience of what happens when Lovely Woman stoops to politics, throws out the same measure by majority of 14. Thus are the shop windows in the Strand and further West avenged. Decision the more significant since in exceptionally crowded House division was taken after unloosing of Party bonds.

*Friday.*—Curious how an incident intrinsically unimportant sometimes leads to grave issues. Take for example the little affair of ISAAC NEWTON and the apple. Had ISAAC not happened to be under a certain tree at a particular moment when the apple was ripe to fall, we might to this day, ignorant of bearings of Law of Gravitation, been wondering how we can keep our feet on the surface of a sphere hurrying

through space at reckless speed. In a way it's the same with LANE-FOX and those thirteen pigs, late resident on the farm of Mr. DODSON of Sprotborough.

It was so far back as August that these pigs with a weird history first strayed within ken of Member for Barkston Ash, West Riding. Whenever, as not infrequently happens, LANE-FOX trots them out—or, to be more precise, invokes their wraiths—the House, possibly discovered in moment of lethargy, displays keenest interest. Whether from cultured art or casual oversight LANE-FOX is always distantly allusive in his reference to details in the career of the pigs. As *Jeames's* birth was "wropped in a mistry," so the death of the Sprotborough pigs—if indeed they be dead—is enveloped in haze. LANE-FOX's most precise reference is found in the phrase "reported to have died or been destroyed or buried." Whether he knows more and is desirous of sparing the House a shock is a secret he will carry back with him in brief Easter Recess to the Barkston Ash Division, West Riding.

L. F. never was what may be called unduly sprightly in manner. Effect of this obscure tragedy, brooded over day and night, has been to invest him with



BENN TROVATO.

"I will undertake to put a little figure of a man of average height beside it for purposes of comparison."

(Mr. WEDGWOOD BENN.)

monumental gravity, to endow him with a funereal voice, that make ANSTRUTHER-GRAY's flesh creep, a practice cultivated, it will be remembered, by a younger but equally plump person in days that are no more.

*Business done.*—Royal Assent given to Mines Bill.

### ELEGANTLÆ ARBITRI.

THE weavers of France have been earnestly appealing to the *modistes* and *élégantes* of Paris to stop the rot in the matter of skirts. It appears that the continued success of the hobble and the semi-hobble has so restricted the use of textile material that the manufacturers are sighing for the old days and the amplitude of the bustle. The dressmakers show signs of giving in, and other trades are taking advantage of this example to carry out long contemplated reforms.

Thus, a deputation of Genoese silk-worm breeders have lost no time in calling upon the Hon. Algernon Chumley, whose revival of the cotton neck-tie burst like a thunder-cloud upon the beaux of Bond Street a few weeks ago. The Hon. Algernon, who received the deputation at his chambers, took up a firm attitude, although the interpreter made it quite clear that his fiat had paralysed one arm of the silk-trade and that several hundreds of the more highly-educated silk-worms had been prostrated with hemicrania since receiving the news. On the understanding that the deputation, which diffused a strong flavour of garlic through the apartment, should at once take its leave, the Hon. Algernon agreed to a compromise. Silk neckties are now correct on Tuesdays and Saturdays, Saints' Days excepted.

Lady Lobelia Hogge, whose clever inspiration has made the wearing of brass earrings one of the crazes of 1912, is, it is stated, largely responsible for the serious depression in the gold production of the last month. There is no truth in the report that brass tiaras are to be worn during the forthcoming Opera season, but a prominent South African financier has astutely submitted a sheaf of statistics and samples of gold quartz in various stages of trituration to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE for consideration. It has not yet been ascertained whether the CHANCELLOR is partial to brass, though grave doubts are entertained.

The announcement, in last Thursday's daily papers, that anchovy sandwiches are no longer *de rigueur* at ecclesiastical tea-parties, roused trepidation approaching panic among the anchovy-farms on the Mediterranean



*Our Bowdler.* "COMING TO THE FOOTBALL HOP, OLD MAN, ON FRIDAY? YOU SHOULD. ALL THE ELITE OF THE NEIGHBOURHOOD ARE GOING—SUCH AS THEY ARE!"

littoral. The popular Bishop who was supposed to have started the fashion has, however, set these fears at rest in an interview. "The whole affair is quite a misunderstanding," he assured his questioner. "A young curate passionately devoted to anchovies came early to my tea-party and consumed all the available stock of sandwiches before the more noteworthy and less greedy guests arrived. Please reassure the anchovy-growers. I have already cabled to them my heart-felt regrets that anything of the kind should have occurred." The denial of the veto has been received with some mortification in the bloater-paste suburbs of Yarmouth and among the cucumber-framers of Kent.

The manufacturers of British boot-uppers have joined forces with the designers of sock-clocks in a strong protest against the prevalence of the spat. "These barbaric articles of wear," runs a paragraph in one of the Association's pamphlets, "are a revival

of a remote and savage fashion, and their insane vogue is coming near to ruining an industry of sterling worth and an art of which the finest examples are comparable only to the superb decorative masterpieces of the great screen-painters of China. We can only await the return of the public mind to a state of reason. Meantime we are glad to announce, over 20,000 persons have already signed the 'I renounce Spats' form which will be found attached."

From an advertisement:—

"A splendid 18-hole course at Ulverston. Sea, mountain, and lake.

*Caddie.* "Helvellyn, Sir. Better have a brassy—you'll never carry it with an iron."

"After a short palavel on the beach, Sir James, accompanied by the Sultan and the crowd, visited the palaver on the beach."

*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"Where have I seen something like this before?" said Sir JAMES.



## THE PATH TO REALITY.

(Hints for the representation of our everyday joys and sorrows in the Greek form.)

## V.—THE CHANGELINGS.

## PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

Field-Marshal Sir Hector Blazonbrest, G.C.B.; Lady Blazonbrest, his Wife; Binns, his butler; Keziah, his ancient Nurse, mother to Binns; Keggs, a Socialist. Chorus of Private Soldiers.

SCENE—A Port of Embarkation.

## SIR HECTOR.

Now is the war declared, and I depart,  
The chief commander of our armed host,  
To do and dare, to die, if need should be,  
For duty and for England. Oh, prepare,  
Prepare, my sword, to brue thyself in gore,  
Lopping the limbs of all our nation's foes!  
And ye, bright guerdons of my former wars,  
Ye stars and orders sewn across my chest,  
Oh, be ye proud that ye shall soon behold  
Another foeman flying from the field,  
As foemen must when Blazonbrest appears!  
And ye, my men, take note that ye shall have  
For every victory a doubled pay!

## CHORUS.

On the field of his choice, though he trounces and rates us,  
We'll stand by Sir H., since our pay he's enlarged;  
And wherever the truculent foeman awaits us  
Our ranks shall be formed and our volleys discharged.  
For us, since there is to be warfare, there will come hard  
blows and scanty sustenance. Yea, we shall have to fight,  
our opinions not being asked beforehand. Have we not  
rifles well-rifled and of a flat trajectory, and cartridges, and  
bayonets short but mightily sharpened for the thrusting?  
But to the enemy also there are, it may be, rifles flatter in  
trajectory, and stronger cartridges, and bayonets longer and  
not less pointed; wherefore it were well to be always superior  
in numbers and of a courage even more dauntless so that the  
gods may grant us the victory, since superior numbers are  
pleasing to Zeus. Such then is our judgment, and even if  
Ares should blind us as to both our eyes, making them  
sanguinary, we could say naught else. But now the  
valiant ordainer of victory speaketh to his lady, before  
whom we too must quail. Let us be silent and listen to  
their words.

Sir Hector. It is the fated hour, and I must go.

Lady B. Pluck up thy soul, and play a manly part.

Sir H. But those who flinch not on a stricken field  
By their own wives are often overborne.

Lady B. This is no time for talking senseless things.

Sir H. Thou speakest truly. Has my flask been filled?

Lady B. Yea, and thy sandwiches are in their case,  
And all thy knitted waistcoats in the bag,  
With comforters and mittens not a few.

Sir H. 'Tis well. We will embrace, and I will go  
Whither the swift ship with her straining sails,  
Riding at anchor, waits to bear me hence.  
But, oh dear heart, wait thou till I return  
Crowded with glory to my native shore.

[Enter Binns.]

Binns. Sir Hector, there's a person who would say  
A few short words to you. He waits without.

Sir H. Person! I have no time for persons now.

Lady B. Nay, introduce him. We will hear his tale.

[Binns retires and brings in Keggs.]

## CHORUS.

What is he after, what is he at,  
The dreadful man in the red cravat?  
He can't be what you may call a pal.  
Of our warrior chief, the Field-Marshal.  
There's something about him we'd like to twist,  
For he looks like a blossoming Socialist:  
A terrible crazy faddist, for  
He wants to abolish wives and war.  
But now we are stirred with a great desire,  
Our minds are aflame and our souls on fire  
To know, to know  
His secret; so,

Quietly all give ear, give ear,  
And learn from the man what brought him here.

Keggs (to Sir Hector). Comrade, I'll cut my story very short.

Sir H. No comrade I of such a man as thou.

Keggs. Ferocious swordsman, know that thou wast born  
On the same day as he that hath been Binns,  
A Butler and a very red-faced man,  
But then a puny and a sickly babe.  
He was the scion of the Blazonbrests,  
Whilst thou wast offspring to Keziah Binns.

(Sensation.)

She nursed you both, and being moved by pride  
Wished that her son (thyself) should have the  
chance

Of wealth and honour, so she interchanged  
Thyself and him. Thus Binns is Blazonbrest  
And thou art naught but Mr. William Binns.

Sir Hector. Speak out, Keziah. Is this story true?

Keziah. True as the mid-day sun! These swaddling  
clothes,

Marked with a coat-of-arms, attest its truth.  
Oh, dreadful moment, whither shall I fly?

Sir Hector. Then Blazonbrest henceforth must live as Binns.

Binns. And Binns must be Sir Hector Blazonbrest.

Sir Hector. My stars and orders I resign to thee,  
My Marshal's baton and my uniform,  
My lands and houses, and my wedded wife,  
And my command against my country's foes.  
Bear forth the lady; she hath swooned away.  
Binns. Henceforth to thee the servant's hall shall be  
Thy place of honour, and thou shalt be great  
In guarding and decanting many wines.

[They go out.]

## CHORUS.

Wonderful, indeed, are the transformations of men. For  
now the unbutlered Butler commands us and the Marshal  
unmarshalled retireth to the pantry. What stay is there  
in life, and where shall a man find security from fate?  
Mighty are the gods that rule over mankind and to submit  
in patience is the part of a wise man.

[Re-enter Binns and Sir Hector, having changed clothes.]

Sir Hector (now Binns). The tug is waiting at the pier, Sir  
Hector.

Binns (now Sir Hector). Zounds! I must go. Eyes front!  
Form fours! Quick march!  
Give me my plumed hat, and so farewell.

R. C. L.

Our contemporary, *The Tatler*, usually so well informed,  
seems to be labouring under a delusion as to the proper  
machinery for aviation. It reproduces a portrait of a lady  
with her arm resting upon a motor-car, and prints the  
following legend below:—"Waiting to Cross the Channel  
by Air." Motor-cars are never used for Cross-Channel  
flights.



# THE VOICES OF THE PROPHETS.

(As heard—and, alas! acted upon—every day of the year.)

## I.

THE confidence of Sol Short's trainer is one of the most amusing things I remember. What he seems to forget is that, since Sol Short won the Oxfordshire by six and a-half lengths, nearly six months have elapsed—wet cold months too. Another thing—he was 18 lbs. lighter then, and 18 lbs. is a terrific handicap even to a strong horse. Of course, if people will be so foolish as to back good blood, let them; but for my part I shall continue to pin my faith to Ugly Moggimo.—NOSEY PARKER in *The Daily Race*.

## II.

THE COLONEL'S selection for the Middleshire is—

My Vest.

## III.

FOR the Middleshire my fancy is Two-to-One; with which I associate Corncure as his possible master. No one else will come near him. That is all that I am going to say about the great event, except that if one horse comes in several lengths behind the penultimate that horse will be Sol Short. LORD TATTENHAM in *The Starting Gate*.

## IV.

TO-DAY'S CERT:—

Harbour Bar for the Middleshire.  
OLD COE.

## V.

AS to the Middleshire, I say again, as I have always said, that the horse that beats Pacific will win the race. Pacific is as absolute a cert as you can hope to find in this world of disappointment. I heard for a fact that there is £50,000 at stake money on him; and Boakes, his trainer, is not in the habit of making mistakes.

THE PRINCE OF TOUTS in *The Morning Gallop*.

## VI.

If o'er the Middleshire you'd win  
A packet of the best,  
Invest your bottom dollar in  
The chances of My Vest.

THE LITTLE BIRD.

## VII.

To-day's snip for the Middleshire:—  
Dingley Dale.

CAPTAIN JOE.

## VIII.

Let us arrive at the Middleshire winner by a process of exhaustion. To begin with, there is the much-vaunted Ugly Moggimo, but in him I am, as my readers know, no believer. Then



G. L. SCOTT.

"I 'EAR YOUR OLE WOMAN'S IN 'ORSPIITAL, BILL. WOT'S UP?"

"WHISKERS 'ERE FAHND A LUMP O' REEL COAL, AND 'IS OLE WOMAN COFT MINE A-TRYIN' TO SNEAK IT ORF OF 'IM!"

there is Dingley Dale, a good horse, but hopelessly penalised by the handicapper. Pacific, My Vest, and Corncure I have never fancied, nor Two-to-One; and Sol Short has always struck me as a precarious piece of goods. No, my advice is to go for Ribston Pippin, with a little place money on Snips.

SENTRY in *The Jockey's Gazette*.

## Political Note.

The hands of Unionists are greatly strengthened by the following advertisement in *The Irish Times*:—

"Wanted immediately, Protestant for Cooking."

Electors, this is what Rome Rule, disguised as Home Rule, really means.

From a letter in *The Pioneer*:—

"SIR,—A large number of letters have appeared in the *Pioneer* and elsewhere giving suggestions—all more or less fantastic—for a name for the recently created Province, and yet the simplest solution of all does not seem to have occurred to anyone, viz., to call it the  
NEW PROVINCE."

Even now we are doubtful if it would ever have occurred to us.

## STOP PRESS NEWS.

## MIDDLESHERE HANDICAP. RESULT.

1. Sol Short.
2. Aunt Bridget.
3. Pacific.

### THE UNIVERSAL ARBITRATOR.

THE proposals of Mr. HALL CAINE for terminating the hostilities between Italy and Turkey, though they have been courteously discussed by the Italian press, have, as *The Daily Telegraph* informs us, failed to commend themselves to the authorities.

But we have good reason to believe that Mr. HALL CAINE has been immensely encouraged by the moral victory of his failure to negotiate peace—a victory demonstrated by a profusion of interviews with and, above all, portraits of the famous Manx fictionist—and that he is continuing his tour as Grand Pacific Plenipotentiary with prodigious and resounding results.

Thus, on his arrival at Palermo, he at once despatched a peremptory summons to the famous bandit chief, Signor NICCOLO VECCHIO, in which he propounded the following scheme for the voluntary winding up of brigandage in that beautiful island.

1. All brigands, on handing over their arms, to be presented with a copy of *The Eternal City*.

2. All brigands, on taking an oath not to molest, waylay or rob travellers, to be presented with a free pass entitling them to be shown over Greeba Castle and grounds.

3. If the brigands should fail to comply with these terms, Mr. HALL CAINE is unable to guarantee that he will ever visit Sicily again.

We regret to learn that, after a protracted conference, at which Mr. HALL CAINE addressed the leading brigands in a speech which lasted several hours, his proposals were enthusiastically declined, and a resolution was passed declaring that Mr. ROBERT HICHENS, the author of *The Call of the Blood*, was the greatest British novelist.

Mr. CAINE was greatly prostrated on hearing the decision, but by an heroic effort recovered his strength sufficiently to embark for Alexandria on the following day.

On his arrival at the landing-stage Mr. HALL CAINE at once despatched a telegram to Lord KITCHENER, who, by an extraordinary oversight, had failed to meet him. The contents of the telegram have not yet transpired, but it is believed that it conveyed a grave rebuke to the British Agent-General. It is pleasant to learn, however, that the native population did all in their power to remedy this official neglect, and Alexandria was soon given over to tamashas, fantasias, jamborees, and other demonstrations of delight. A deputation of Young Egyptian Nationalists, who have long regarded

Mr. HALL CAINE as their most fearless and influential representative in England, waited on the illustrious visitor, who, after consultation with the leaders, despatched an ultimatum to Lord KITCHENER, which may be thus briefly summarised:—

1. No new Pyramids to be erected without permission of Mr. HALL CAINE.

2. Cleopatra's Needle to be at once returned to Egypt.

3. No donkey-boys in future to receive permits unless or until they can draw a map of the Isle of Man indicating the exact whereabouts and area of Mr. HALL CAINE's estate.

4. In case of bad seasons the Egyptian Government to guarantee the gratuitous distribution of Mr. HALL CAINE's photographs to the distressed fellahs.

5. Mr. HALL CAINE to have priority of access to the KHEDEVE's audience-chamber over all officials.

Incredible as it may appear, Lord KITCHENER—so we are informed—returned a distinctly unsympathetic reply, through Sir RUDOLF SLATIN, to these singularly temperate proposals.

Mr. HALL CAINE, who was at first desperately unhinged by the turn which events had taken, soon rallied, and, according to latest advices, had just despatched a powerful cablegram to the Board of Control in Australia, threatening to join the team as umpire unless the demands of Mr. CLEMENT HILL were promptly conceded.

A Canadian emigration official, writing in *The Daily Express* and referring to certain emigrants described as "the best of the English people—men of the old yeoman stock whose families have lived on the soil for centuries," makes the following observation: "They're the sort I should have thought you would be just crazy to keep in your country." We are confident that this was well meant.

"He tiptoed on, his breath suspended—and then, with a sensation as though the arch of his head had lifted, he had taken a great leap."  
*Tit-Bits.*

Long-jumpers have to wear a special cap to keep the arch of the head down.

### The Emergency Exit

(Or, First Aid for Playgoers).

From a newspaper quotation in the programme of a Montreal Theatre:—

"The audience went away literally hugging itself in intellectual rapture."

"An attractive engagement for next week has been entered into at the Birchenhead Hippodrome."—*Liverpool Evening Echo.*  
It sounds like more Russian dancers.

### A KERCHIEF.

To me it comes—so frail and fine;  
A laundry-hand, with some divine  
Impulse, has packed the thing with mine—

A pretty blunder,  
A dainty thing of lawn and lace  
Such as a maid from some strange place  
Produces with an easy grace  
That makes men wonder.

It bears a monogram, a J.;  
Who knows what name it might convey,  
Judith or Julia, shall we say,  
Jeannette or Jenny?  
We may not hope to ascertain;  
We cannot make the mystery plain;  
It might be Joan; it wasn't Jane,  
I'll bet a penny.

That were a name too hard to bear  
By one who, I'm prepared to swear,  
Was trim and delicate and fair,  
A dream of beauty;  
Methinks she grows before my eyes;  
I see her shape, I recognise  
Her nose, a thing of slender size  
And very fluty.

I see her with her kerchief grasp  
That member with a tender clasp,  
Finger and thumb—a gentle gasp—  
And then, how sweetly  
Out on the air there seems to float  
So soft, so musical a note  
That it would make the blackbird's  
throat  
Dry up completely.

Perchance some youth is standing near  
Who listens with enraptured ear,  
Yet trusts the cold is not severe.  
Ah, foolish lover!  
He may be sure that she's all right;  
That with catarrh however slight  
Maid with complexions shun the light  
Till they recover.

O lady, lady fair and sweet,  
Dear maid, whom I could wish to meet,  
I wonder if, to make complete  
Your weekly docket,  
They sent you aught of mine—a wipe  
Virile and masculine of type,  
Scented with carrying a pipe  
In my breast-pocket.

Dear Mistress Anything but Jane,  
I should be proud if you'd retain  
The trophy; but, if you disdain  
The smell of bacey,  
Then, as I have a present lack,  
Perhaps you'll kindly send it back  
(The J., in my case, stands for Jack,  
Or sometimes Jacky). DUM-DUM.

### What to do in a Crisis.

CASE I.  
"Nora is the husband of two men—there is nothing for it but to run away."  
"Morning Post" Review.



Hunt Secretary (to inexperienced assistant, who is telling him about some poultry claim). "BUT HOW DO YOU KNOW THEY EVER HAD THE FOWLS? DID THEY SHOW YOU THE CORPSES?"

Assistant. "NO, NOT EXACTLY; BUT IT'S ALL RIGHT, DON'T YOU KNOW, THEY SHOWED ME THE EMPTY ROOSTS."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE are nine-and-sixty ways of constructing tribal lays, and every single one of them is right: but to me personally the literary method that appeals most is that employed by Mr. W. B. MAXWELL in *In Cotton Wool* (HUTCHINSON), where he concentrates on one character—takes the cover, as it were, off one human machine, and shows us the mechanism at work. It has to be done supremely well if it is to grip the reader. If it is not to bore, it must fascinate; there is no middle course. But Mr. MAXWELL is such an artist that he handles the task without danger. The latest specimen under his microscope is the exact antithesis of the hero of *The Rest Cure*. *Lenny Calcraft* is a drifter, a stroller along the easiest way. Even his devoted attendance on his invalid father does not bear inspection. It may have been slavery, but it was uncommonly luxurious slavery; and, though Mr. MAXWELL with infinite skill avoids giving his casting-vote one way or the other, the reader is left with the impression that, if filial devotion had not been supplemented by a large allowance, snug quarters, and the worshipping admiration of all Westchurch, *Lenny* might have been far less firmly attached to the side of that bath-chair. And yet, superficially, he is such a good fellow, the sort of man who might well seem almost ideal to a not too close friend. His sins are entirely negative. He has good, even noble, intentions, but his soul is too flabby for the effort of carrying them out. In fact, Mr. MAXWELL has put enough of the ordinary, well-meaning man into him to make almost any reader start guiltily and begin thoroughly to overhaul his character, lest

perchance he himself may find that "within the packing of cotton-wool all the best of the man has perished, and only the husk of a man remains."

Mr. MORLEY ROBERTS claims, it would appear, to be the inventor of the telephone romance, and two of the stories in *The Man Who Stroked Cats* (NASH) are concerned with this rather pusillanimous type of love-making. Both occurred, I take it, before the Government became responsible for the telephone service, otherwise (if I am to trust my *Daily Mail*) the various affinities introduced would still be yearning for each other's numbers. The first is a pleasant enough little idyll, if a trifle over sentimentalised, about a girl who consoles herself for a long and possibly fatal illness by talking to a young man whom she only knows by sight. The second is a sort of burlesque on the possibilities of the idea, and represents the author himself as playing the old part of *Cyrano* on behalf of a bashful young cricketer. Myself, I think that Mr. ROBERTS's real forte is the delineation of the flapper, several samples of which interesting genus (now, I am told, rapidly disappearing) figure in these pages with marked success. There is also a rather original Cockney house-breaker in the first story; but in the last, which is entitled "A Drama in Venice," the writer has, I think, slightly over-reached himself: at any rate, he entirely fails to convey to me that sense of a powerful emotional situation which he presumably intended to produce. By the way, to avoid all confusion, I ought to say that the title of this book has no reference at all to any gentleman who may in past years have set the time to the Non-collegiate Eight or Torpid at the University of Oxford.



I am not sure that Mr. R. H. GRETTON hasn't made, in *Almayne of Mainfort* (GRANT RICHARDS) the single mistake of a little overestimating the objective interest of the mystery of the Almayne-Warburton Estates. At any rate it is by no means the significant thing in an exceedingly attractive book. That significance lies rather in a rare note of distinction in the style, a faculty of precise observation, a reserve and economy of means in the expression of it which carry a discerning reader (like myself) most pleasantly along, free from distracting excitement as to the issue of the sporting quest. The story is almost too elusive for satisfactory outline, but the women and the men are drawn with sure and quickening touches. *Constance Penn*—Mrs. Almayne to be—heroine, if there be one in so modern a study, is presented with a gracious and reverent tenderness all but Meredithian. But the sparkling many-faceted complexity of the dead master is no part of the method of the living disciple. Mr. GRETTON is a true though selective realist, wisely declining to interpret realism as necessarily involving over-emphasis of the sordid. He knows and loves his London as well as his Londoner, and gives you jolly little thumbnail sketches in his margins, so to speak. This is indeed a book of masterly studies of men and things finely observed and more than capably put down. The man "can draw," and I see him busy stretching a canvas for a big picture of some subject that the high gods will send him surely and soon through the channels of his deepening experience and distinguished vision. A very notable piece of work, this *Almayne*. I missed Mr. GRETTON's *Ingram* of last year, and this evening I am the poorer by four and a half solid silver shillings and the richer by a very pleasant anticipation.

The opening of *The Three Envelopes* (STANLEY PAUL) is, I admit, so imaginative as to be impossible. But if you will look upon the Society for the Production of Queer Results, described in the first chapter, as an allegorical picture of Fate, you will hardly be troubled at all by the supernatural element in Mr. HAMILTON DRUMMOND's excellent and most human story. When young *Corely*, a prosperous London coffee-broker, opens the first of the envelopes which he bought at the Strand office of the S.P.Q.R., and in obedience to its contents sets off for Solzheim, an out-of-the-way town near Frankfort, you may think perhaps that you are in for a commonplace sensational novel. At least, I know I did. And the usual charming girl with whom he makes friends in the boat-train from Victoria (there is always a girl in the train) will only confirm the impression. So will the equally inevitable Grand Duke with whom he exchanges confidences and cigars on the journey from Paris to Frankfort. But at Solzheim we leave the rut of the com-

monplace for a byway that leads to the heart of mediæval romance. At Saint Jean de Verselet, to which he next travels in obedience to envelope number two, *Corely* again meets the lady of the train, and shares with her in a village tragedy exactly suited to the genius of the Sicilian players. And at Highcombe, the English home of the head of her family, he brings to a fortunate but unusual ending as pretty a story of the course of true love as I have read for some time. That is all I must say about the plot for fear of spoiling the reader's interest in this very original novel.

The latest addition to the Fat Boys is Mr. E. F. BENSON, with a volume of ghost stories called *The Room in the Tower* (MILLS AND BOON), which he advertises in his preface as being designed to make the

reader's flesh creep. I must also admit that he has succeeded in this aim, though perhaps not every time. Most of the tales are delightfully bogie; indeed even the mere reading of their title should suffice to murder sleep for the timid-minded. Listen to them and tremble:—"Outside the Door;" "The Other Bed;" "The Terror by Night;" "The Thing in the Hall." Of them all, I fancy there were most prickles in the last, a quite ghastly little tale called "The House with the Brick-kiln;" though "The Room in the Tower" had some very creditable moments, especially when they tried to pull down the sinister picture and it began to bleed. My investigations into psychic fiction have, however, led me to the conclusion that ghost stories should be read a few at a time, and not *en masse*. Taken in too large quantities there is apt to be a certain sameness even about such good spectres as these of Mr. BENSON; while the repetition of his favourite atmospheric background (quite a jolly one—"as evening



TRUE POLITENESS.

Voice of Window-Cleaner (from above). "VERY SORRY, SIR; QUITE A ACCIDENT."

The Victim. "OH, IT'S ALL RIGHT. I EXPECT WE'LL HAVE RAIN IN THE COURSE OF THE MORNING, SO IT REALLY DOESN'T MATTER!"

approached the feeling of oppression in the air increased, and one felt that thunder was bound to come before morning") may produce the familiarity that is the parent of contempt. But the author knows the blood-curdling value of a discreet reticence; take, for example, the case of the person who fired at the ghosts in "The Long Gallery;" of him we are told grimly that "What he went through is not to be recorded here." B-r-r-r!

F. POWELL's book (from LANE) *The Snake*  
Blends with a love tale, strongly told,  
Weird Oriental spells that make  
My Occidental blood run cold.

It gave me quite a turn; but still,  
If LANES and worms (or snakes) combine—  
Deft turners both—your chance is nil:  
They've got you all along the line.